

**BILLY THE KID** KING OF THE OLD WEST!!

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# BILLY THE KID

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NO. 7  
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**ADVENTURE  
MAGAZINE**

**THRILL TO  
HANGMAN'S  
NEMESIS**







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# BILLY THE KID

## HANGMAN'S NEMESIS

**T**HERE WAS GREAT REJOICING BY THE MEN WHO HANGED BILLY THE KID. ONLY THING IS, THEIR MISTAKE WAS THEY RODE OFF BEFORE THEY WERE REALLY SURE!

WELL, BOSS, JUST WHEN THE TOWN IS GETTING NASTY OVER OUR HANGINGS, WE STRUNG UP A REAL ONE!

BILLY THE KID!



USING THE LAW TO STRING UP THEM WHAT STAND IN OUR WAY HAS BEEN HELPED CONSIDERABLY BY GETTIN' RID OF BILLY THE KID THE SAME WAY!



IN A WORD, WE'RE A VERY LEGITIMATE LAW AND ORDER GROUP!

EXACTLY! NOW RUN OUT TO THE HILL AND BRING IN BILLY'S BODY. WE'LL COLLECT THE TEN THOUSAND FOR OUR KITT!



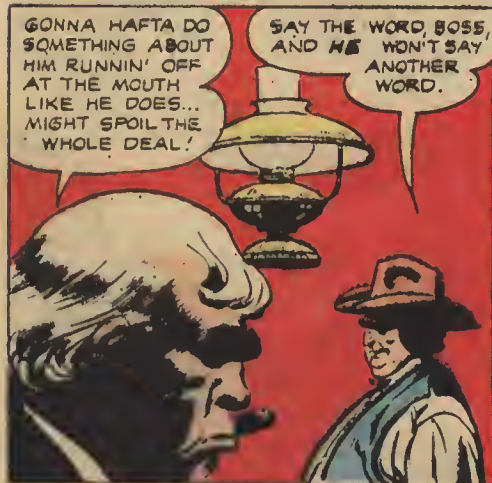


WE'LL BRING IN  
BILLY'S BODY AND  
MAKE A BIG SHOW  
OF OUR ABILITY TO  
CARRY OUT  
THE LAW.

BOSS, YUH  
GOT A HEAD  
ON YER  
SHOULDERS!



AFTER THIS SHOW, WE CAN CLEAN  
OUT THE SUCKERS IN JIG TIME. WHEN  
WE'VE GOT ALL THE LAND, WE CAN  
TELL THEM THEY'VE BEEN SITTING  
ON ALL THAT GOLD FER YEARS!



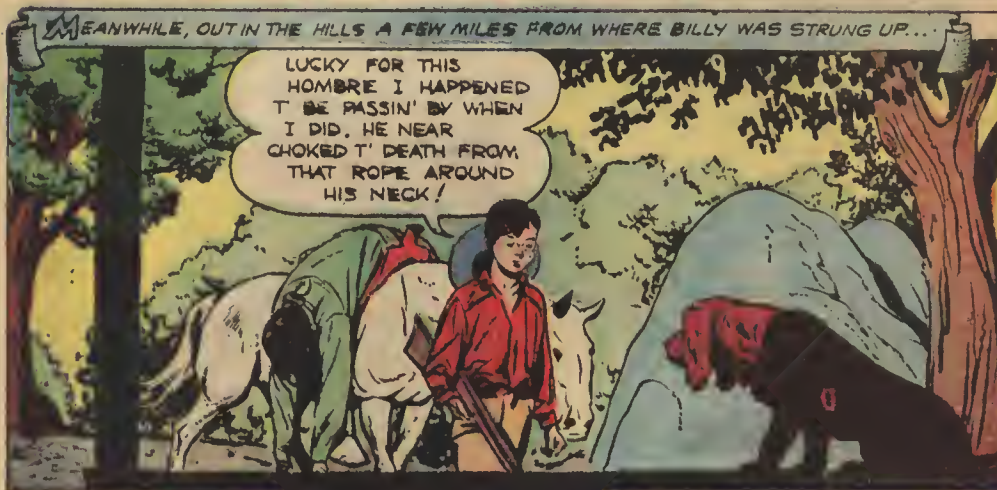
GONNA HAFTA DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
HIM RUNNIN' OFF  
AT THE MOUTH  
LIKE HE DOES...  
MIGHT SPOIL THE  
WHOLE DEAL!

SAY THE WORD BOSS,  
AND HE WON'T SAY  
ANOTHER  
WORD.



THERE'S TIME  
ENOUGH FER THAT  
LATER... BESIDES  
SPLITTIN' THE  
SWAG TWO WAYS  
INSTEAD OF  
THREE...

GOT  
YA!



MEANWHILE, OUT IN THE HILLS A FEW MILES FROM WHERE BILLY WAS STRUNG UP...

LUCKY FOR THIS  
HOMBRE I HAPPENED  
T' BE PASSIN' BY WHEN  
I DID. HE NEAR  
CHOKED T' DEATH FROM  
THAT ROPE AROUND  
HIS NECK!





YUH HEAR ANY  
TALK ABOUT PETE'S  
BRAT WHILE YUH  
BE IN TOWN?

YEP...YO'RE SORT  
OF A HERO TO THE  
TOWNFOLKS AND A  
SORT OF THORN TO  
THEM IN POWER!

A FEW WEEKS PASS, AND BILLY IS  
ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY...



I FIGURE TO BE A WHOLE PASSEL  
OF THORNS 'FORE I'M FINISHED WITH  
THEM SIDE  
WINDERS!



THEY'LL BE SENDIN'  
SOMEONE AFTER ME' AGAIN.  
THEY ALWAYS DO WHEN I  
CUT, ONE OF YOU  
FELLAS DOWNS.



MAYBE A COUPLE OF YOU  
DESERVED TO DIE... BUT KNOWIN'  
THE TOWN'S CROOKED TRIALS... I  
FIGURE MORE OF  
YUH WAS INNOCENT!



THERE BE ONE  
OF THEM NOW!

GET  
HIM?



NOPE... I ONLY KNOCK THEIR  
HATS OFF, DISCOURAGES 'EM  
AND REMINDS 'EM I'M GONNA  
PAY 'EM BACK FER  
FRAMIN' MY PA AN'  
HANGIN' HIM!





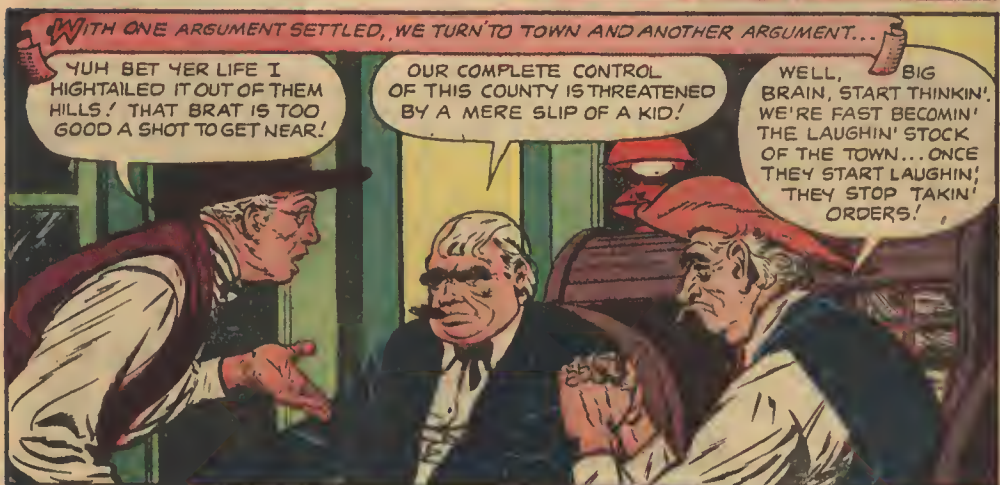


WELL,  
DO I GO  
OR NOT?

YUH GOT A GOOD  
ARGUMENT... BUT BILLY  
THE KID HAS ALWAYS  
PLAYED A LONE HAND.



'COURSE,  
THERE COULD  
BE AN EX-  
CEPTION.

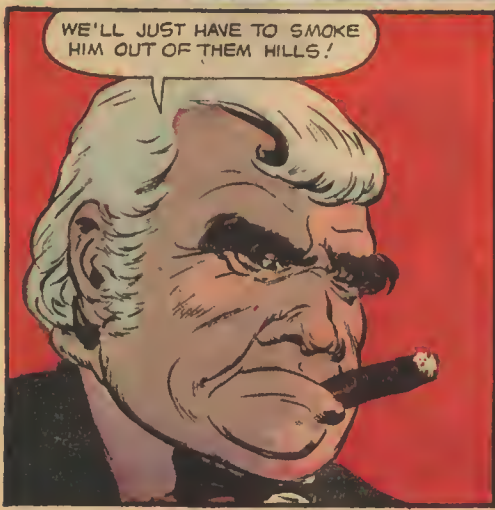


WITH ONE ARGUMENT SETTLED, WE TURN TO TOWN AND ANOTHER ARGUMENT...

YUH BET YER LIFE I  
HIGHTAILED IT OUT OF THEM  
HILLS! THAT BRAT IS TOO  
GOOD A SHOT TO GET NEAR!

OUR COMPLETE CONTROL  
OF THIS COUNTY IS THREATENED  
BY A MERE SLIP OF A KID!

WELL, BIG  
BRAIN, START THINKIN'.  
WE'RE FAST BECOMIN'  
THE LAUGHIN' STOCK  
OF THE TOWN... ONCE  
THEY START LAUGHIN',  
THEY STOP TAKIN'  
ORDERS!



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SMOKE  
HIM OUT OF THEM HILLS!



YOU HIT IT  
ON THE HEAD,  
BOSS!

A BRUSH  
FIRE WOULD  
BURN HIM  
OUT!





I SMELL SMOKE... AN' IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING!

THE TOWN'S HANG-MEN ARE COMIN' TO US INSTEAD OF US HAVIN' TO MAKE THE TRIP TO TOWN!



IF ONLY I HAD MY SIX-GUNS!

THAT WOULD DO A LOT OF GOOD! THIS HILL-SIDE WILL BE AN INFERNO PRONTO. WE'VE GOTTA MOVE OR FRY!



I'LL GRAB SOME GRUB FROM THE SHACK, WHILE YUH GET THE HORSES OUT BACK!



NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY BILLY THE KID WOULD BE TAKIN' ORDERS FROM A BOY NOT DRY BEHIND THE EARS.



THEY WERE MY FATHER'S! I THINK HE'D LIKE YUH TO BE WEARIN' 'EM ON THIS OCCASION!

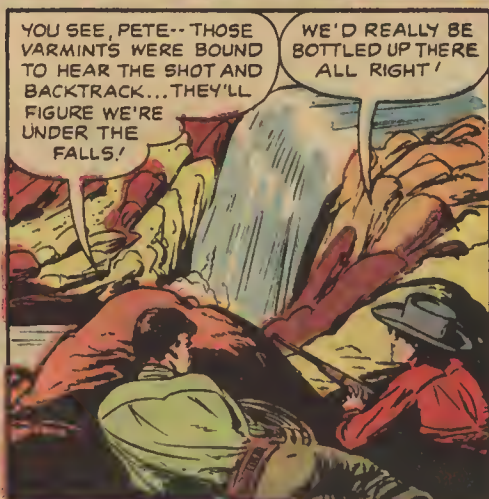


FER HIM, PETE!

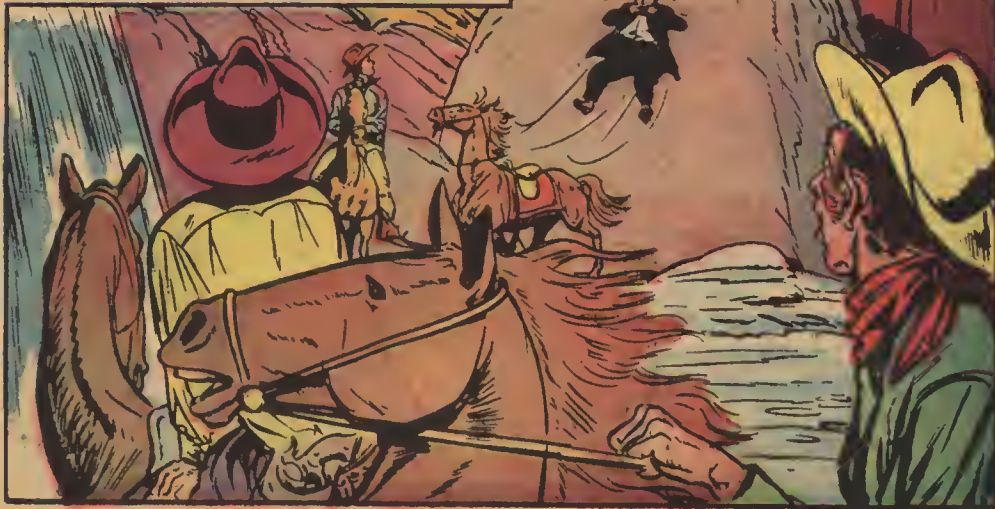






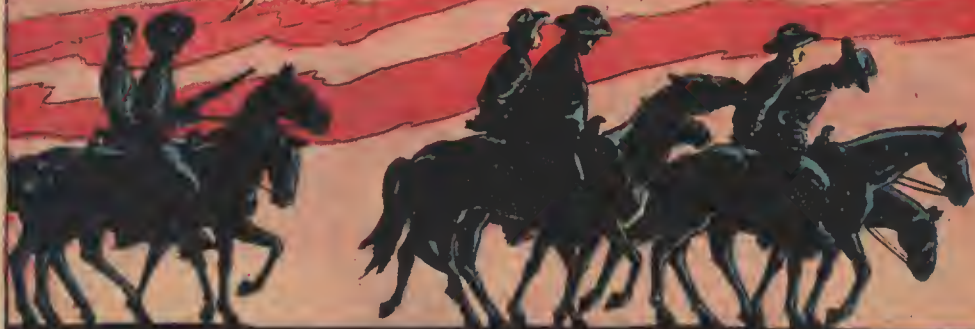






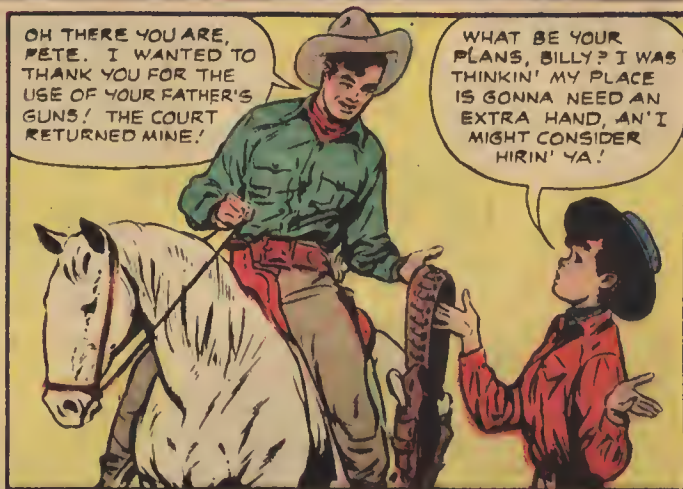


THE TOWN WILL HAVE  
A REAL TRIAL-- THE  
FIRST IN THESE PARTS  
FOR QUITE A SPELL!



**A**ND  
THAT THEY  
DID. THEY  
HAD A REAL TRIAL  
AND THEY CON-  
VICTED THE WHOLE  
FASSEL OF CROOKED  
OFFICIALS. NOW  
THAT SHOULD  
BE THE END  
OF OUR LITTLE  
STORY... BUT  
NOT QUITE. YOU  
SEE, THERE WAS  
PETE--AND HE'S  
KINDA TAKEN  
TO HERO  
WORSHIPPING  
BILLY.

OH THERE YOU ARE,  
PETE. I WANTED TO  
THANK YOU FOR THE  
USE OF YOUR FATHER'S  
GUNS! THE COURT  
RETURNED MINE!



WHAT BE YOUR  
PLANS, BILLY? I WAS  
THINKIN' MY PLACE  
IS GONNA NEED AN  
EXTRA HAND, AN' I  
MIGHT CONSIDER  
HIRIN' YA!

THANKS, PETE,  
BUT-- AS I TOLD  
YOU BEFORE--  
BILLY THE KID  
PLAYS A LONE  
HAND!

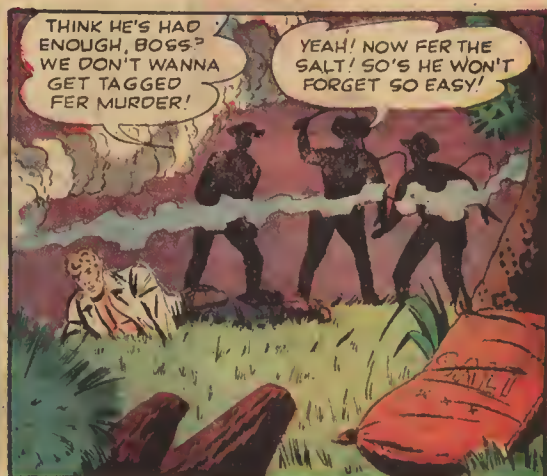


BEING A RANCH  
OWNER IS TRICKY  
BUSINESS. GUESS  
I GOTTA BE MORE  
FIRM WITH THESE  
COWPOKES... MAKE  
'EM KNOW WHO'S  
BOSS!



# BILLY THE KID

## THE MAVERICK FACTORY







UNSEEN BY BOSS TALBERT AND HIS MEN, BILLY THE KID RODE OUT OF THE NIGHT, A WITNESS TO THE WHIPPING...

A LITTLE SALT IN THOSE WHIP WOUNDS WILL GO A LONG WAY TO TEACHIN' SORREL WHO'S RUNNIN' THIS RANGE!



EASE UP, PARDNER! YOUR FUN FOR THE NIGHT IS JUST ABOUT OVER!

YER BUTTIN' IN WHERE YER NOT WANTED, RANGE-DRIFTER!



MAYBE! BUT I DIDN'T HEAR MYSELF ASK FOR AN INVITATION! THE ONLY CALLING CARD I DELIVER IS A LEAD SLUG!

SORREL WAS ASKIN' FER THET WHIPPIN'! HE'S BEEN RUNNIN' A MAVERICK FACTORY!



HE'S BEEN MAKIN' MAVERICKS BY KILLIN' THE MOTHER WITH HER TELL-TALE BRAND, AN' PUTTIN' HIS OWN MARK ON THE CALF! THET'S RUSTLING!

IT...AIN'T... TRUE...



NO RANGE-RAT IS GONNA TELL BOSS TALBERT WHAT TO... AIEEEE!



BILLY THE KID'S TELLING YOU TO VAMOOSE, TALBERT!

WE'RE GOIN'! BUT WE AIN'T THROUGH WITH SORREL!



PUT... ME... ON... HORSE!  
HE KNOWS THE WAY  
BACK TO THE SHACK!



THE SHIRT BOTHER  
YOU? IF YOU WANT,  
I'LL TAKE IT OFF  
ALTOGETHER!

NOPE!  
IT'S ALL  
RIGHT!



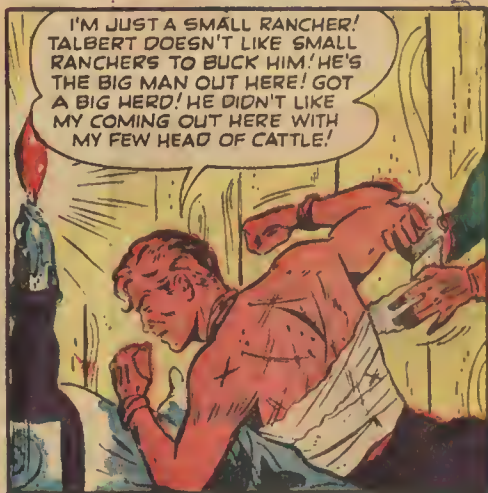
SOON AS WE GET  
INSIDE I'LL PUT SOME  
LARD ON THOSE WHIP  
CUTS! IT'LL TAKE THE  
PAIN AWAY A LITTLE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S A CLEAN  
SHIRT IN ONE OF THE  
DRAWERS! YOU CAN  
RIP IT UP AND USE IT  
FOR BANDAGES!

WHILE I'M DOIN'  
THAT, SUPPOSE  
YOU TELL ME WHY  
TALBERT JUMPED  
YOU WITH THE  
WHIPPING! I'VE AL-  
READY GOT HIS  
SIDE OF THE STORY!



I'M JUST A SMALL RANCHER!  
TALBERT DOESN'T LIKE SMALL  
RANCHERS TO BUCK HIM! HE'S  
THE BIG MAN OUT HERE! GOT  
A BIG HERD! HE DIDN'T LIKE  
MY COMING OUT HERE WITH  
MY FEW HEAD OF CATTLE!



HE WARNED ME OFF BUT I DIDN'T PAY  
NO ATTENTION! I PUT MY CATTLE OUT  
TO GRAZE WHILE I SET TO WORK ON A  
RANCH HOUSE! WHEN I WENT OUT TO  
BRAND MY INCREASE, TALBERT AND HIS  
TWO GUNNIES JUMPED ME!



HE TRYING TO DRIVE ME FROM THE  
RANGE, AN' TAKE MY CATTLE! HE'S  
GOT THIS PHONEY STORY ABOUT ME  
BEIN' A MAVERICKER! AN' HE GIVE  
ME THE WHIPPIN'! ARE YUH WITH ME  
OR AGIN' ME, KID?



BILLY THE KID  
THREW IN HIS  
LOT WITH LEM  
SORREL IN THE  
RANGE WAR  
AGAINST BOSS  
TALBERT! TO-  
GETHER THEY  
RODE THE  
RANGE, CUTTING  
SORREL'S CALVES  
OUT OF THE  
ROAMING  
CATTLE...

THAT'S OURS, KID!  
THE MOTHER'S GOT  
MY MARK ON HER!



WE'LL PUT YOUR EAR  
MARK ON HIM, TOO! JUST  
TO MAKE SURE TALBERT  
DOESN'T GET AWAY WITH  
CHANGING THE BRAND!



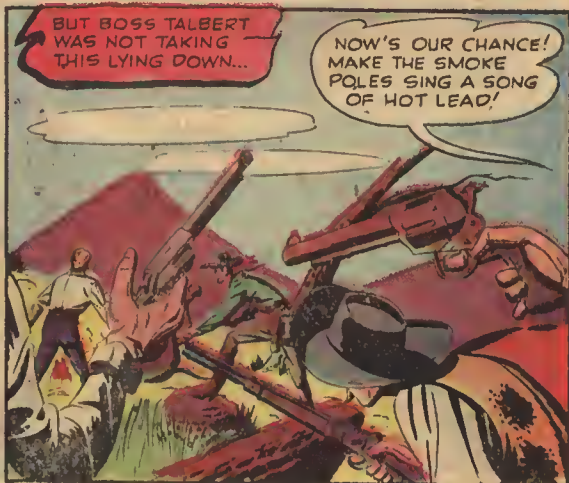
I'LL THINK WE MAKE  
THIS UN THE LAST FOR  
TODAY, BILLY, AND HEAD  
BACK FOR THE SHACK!

GOOD  
ENOUGH!



BUT BOSS TALBERT  
WAS NOT TAKING  
THIS LYING DOWN...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE!  
MAKE THE SMOKE  
POLES SING A SONG  
OF HOT LEAD!



MUST BE TALBERT  
AND HIS MEN! THEY'RE TRYING  
TO PICK US OFF FROM  
THE HILLS!

LET'S  
MOVE  
FOR  
COVER!



TALBERT'S GONNA  
PAY FOR HIS BAD  
SHOOTING!



LATER...

WE CAN EITHER SIT AROUND AND WAIT FOR TALBERT TO PICK US OFF, OR WE CAN GO AFTER HIM! I'M IN FAVOR OF GOIN' AFTER HIM!

I'M WITH YOU ON THAT, KID!



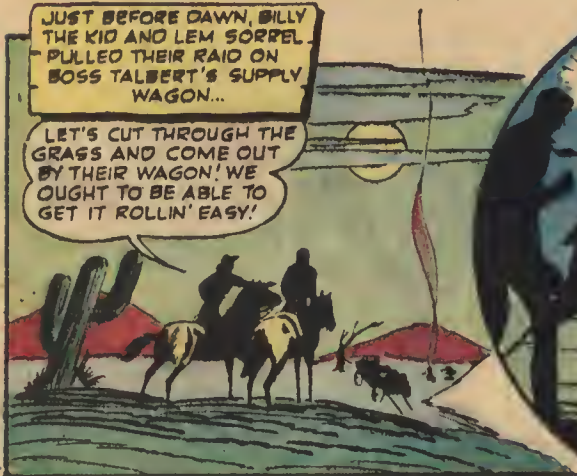
TALBERT'S GOT HIS SUPPLY WAGON SET UP JUST ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM HERE! RIGHT BY AN ARROYO! STREAM STILL RUNNIN' THROUGH IT!

MAYBE WE'LL PAY HIM A LITTLE VISIT...!



JUST BEFORE DAWN, BILLY THE KID AND LEM SORREL PULLED THEIR RAID ON BOSS TALBERT'S SUPPLY WAGON...

LET'S CUT THROUGH THE GRASS AND COME OUT BY THEIR WAGON! WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET IT ROLLIN' EASY!



HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? THE WAGON! STOP IT!

OPPPRRRRMM!







ALL THAT DAY,  
WITHIN A FEW  
FEET OF HIS  
ENEMIES, LEM  
LAY SILENT,  
SWEATING  
WITH PAIN...

COMIN' THIS WAY! IF THEY SEE  
ME, I'M GONNA BLAST 'EM  
BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE  
AT ME!

ONE OF 'EM GOT HURT! HEARD HIM YELL!  
DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS LEM SORREL OR  
BILLY THE KID, THOUGH! THEY'LL HAVE  
TO HOLE UP AT THAT SHACK, AND  
THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GET 'EM!



WE'RE LUCKY THEY DIDN'T  
GET TO THE HORSES OR  
WE'D BE IN A REAL FIX!  
DID WE SALVAGE  
ANYTHING FROM  
THE SUPPLY  
WAGON?

COUPLA CANS OF KEROSENE!  
SOME CANNED BEANS!  
THE AMMO WAS SOAKED!  
THE REST RUINED, TOO!

KEROSENE! GIVES ME AN IDEA!  
WE'LL SMOKE THE KID AND SORREL  
OUTTA THE SHACK... RIGHT INTO  
OUR LINE OF FIRE! I'LL  
GET THOSE RANGE RATS  
TONIGHT!



I GOTTA STAY FROZEN! I CAN'T  
MOVE OR THEY'LL HEAR ME! IF  
ONLY I CAN SWEAT IT OUT UNTIL  
THE KID COMES!

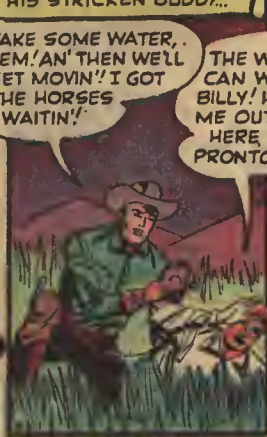
THAT NIGHT, UNDER THE  
COVER OF DARKNESS, BILLY  
THE KID RETURNED FOR  
HIS STRICKEN BUDDY...

TALBERT'S PLANNIN' TO BURN  
US OUT OF THE SHACK  
TONIGHT! A DRY-GULCHIN'  
WITH FIRE!

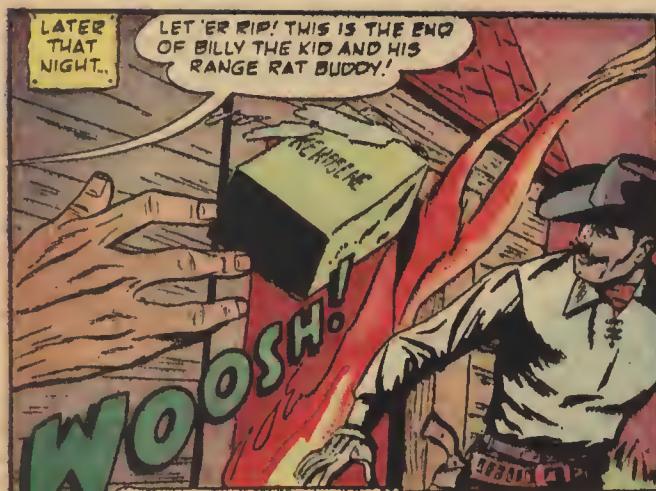
TAKE SOME WATER,  
LEM! AN' THEN WE'LL  
GET MOVIN'! I GOT  
THE HORSES  
WAITIN'!

THE WATER  
CAN WAIT,  
BILLY! HELP  
ME OUTTA  
HERE  
PRONTO!

LET HIM  
COME! WE'LL  
BE READY  
FOR HIM!







LATER  
THAT  
NIGHT..

LET 'ER RIP! THIS IS THE END  
OF BILLY THE KID AND HIS  
RANGE RAT BUDDY!

TIME PASSED, AND BOSS  
TALBERT AND HIS MEN  
WAITED TENGELY...

FUNNY THING THEY AIN'T SHOWED!  
MAYBE THE KID WAS SCARED TO COME  
OUT AND FACE US! LET'S MOVE IN  
SLOW AND SEE WHAT  
WE CAN FIND!



COME ON OUT! WE'LL  
GIVE YUH AN EVEN DRAW  
FER YER GUNS! OR  
STAY IN THERE AND  
BURN!



TALBERT... TURN  
AND SHOOT!



BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

I MAY HAVE A REPUTATION FOR  
BEING AN OUTLAW, LEM, BUT I  
DON'T LIKE TO STAND BY AND  
SEE AN UNDERDOG BE RODE  
OVER ROUGH SHOD  
THANKS, BILLY... BY ANYONE!  
I'LL NEVER FORGET  
YUH FOR HELPIN'  
ME!

# AT THE DROP OF A HAT

By DONALD GEORGE

JOHNNY NOSEDROP was going to murder a man.

You gotta be patient, Johnny told himself. You sit on a horse from dawn until three in the afternoon, waiting for a small old man, Flahooley by name, to come out of a tiny cabin set in the center of a valley. You watch the smoke curl from his chimney, and you let your nose be tickled by the smell of frying bacon and eggs and sour dough on the wind that drifts up the canyon wall. But you gotta be patient, for the haul is worth the wait. For in Flahooley's leatherskin wallet there is one thousand dollars of reward money.

The wind rolled up the canyon wall and gently waved the feather that was stuck in Johnny Nosedrop's hat. Once he had heard a man say that Johnny looked as if he had made a good killing—as if he had a feather in his cap. And ever since that time, Johnny had worn a feather in his hat. For Johnny was peculiar that way. Johnny liked to twist words and make fun of them.

Johnny squinted through his steel-framed spectacles down at the cabin. Flahooley had better show soon. Johnny's time was running short. He was supposed to be down in Mexico buying a bag of salt. He'd gone down a month before to get that salt, and then he'd hidden it away for this day. Now it was resting in his saddle bag, sure proof that he'd been down in Mexico when Flahooley was murdered.

Johnny grunted and his frame stiffened. His hand tightened on the stock of his Winchester, for the door of the cabin was opening. He squinted nearsightedly through his specs. Without those spectacles, Johnny would be lost. He couldn't see farther than the end of his nose without them, and then it had to be a clear day.

Flahooley walked across the little clearing in front of his cabin to a small spring that bubbled up from the valley floor, carrying a wooden bucket with him. Up above him, in the valley wall, the cross hairs of a sight moved along with him, keeping pace

faithfully.

Johnny Nosedrop tensed his trigger finger. The firing pin slammed home. There was a loud clap of noise, and the rifle stock bucked back, slamming home against Johnny's shoulder.

Johnny peered down into the valley, ready for a second shot if the first had missed. Old Man Flahooley paused in the middle of a step as if he had suddenly sighted an old friend across the street, and then he seemed to sigh, and he slumped to the ground. His hat rose slowly in the air, driven by the impact of the bullet, and then it floated gently to the ground. Here and there, desert beings scurried for cover, gila monsters, snakes and wild rabbits. Only one thing in the entire valley lay undisturbed. And that was Flahooley. He was dead.

Johnny Nosedrop slid his rifle into its scabbard. A feeling of well-being permeated him. He kned his horse, and the animal began to pick its way through the rocks and the gopher holes, heading down the hill to the valley floor where the body of old man Flahooley lay.

Johnny offsaddled near the fallen figure. He bent over the body and swiftly went through the old man's pockets until he found the leatherskin wallet. He ripped it open and a thousand dollars lay in his hands.

Johnny stuffed the bills into his pocket. As his head came up, he heard the snarling sound of Flahooley's dog. Johnny had one quick look at the brown blur as it hurtled from the cabin door, its fangs gleaming. Then, as if to avenge his master's murder, the dog was on Johnny Nosedrop. Johnny's hat, with the feather stuck in it, was knocked from his head and settled in the dust. His spectacles were jolted from his nose to the ground. Johnny lunged to the side, trying to protect himself and escape the clutches of the dog. He felt his spectacles being crushed underfoot by his boots as he stepped to the side,



and he felt sick. Without those specs he was helpless, almost a blind man.

He quickly jerked his Colt free of its holster and slammed its muzzle against the hide of the dog and pulled the trigger. There was a dull blast of noise and the lead bullet went home. The dog's growling stopped and his body went slack.

Johnny blindly picked up his smashed spectacles and his hat. He crushed the hat down on his head.

Johnny Nosedrop onsaddled. He turned his back on the dead Flahooley and his faithful dog. Johnny Nosedrop had gotten what he'd come for, one thousand dollars in blood-stained reward money, and he didn't care what he'd left behind.

Johnny drifted into the hills and hid for two days. Then when he figured it was safe, he rode into town. His alibi seemed safe and secure. The salt was in his saddle bag, and his story would be that he'd just gotten back from Mexico. Burning a hole in Johnny's pocket was a thousand bucks and the twisted steel frame of his specs.

The sheriff was waiting in the center of town when Johnny rode up. The sheriff was a big, raw-boned man who was known for his reputation for honesty and justice.

He waved a greeting to Johnny. Johnny slid out of the saddle and nodded to the sheriff.

"See yuh broke yer glasses, Johnny," the sheriff said. "Or else yuh'd be wearin' them. I know yer blind as a bat and never without them."

For a moment or two, the men seemed to be engaged in a careless chat. And then the sheriff slid it to Johnny Nosedrop slow and easy-like. "Old man Flahooley," he said, "has been dry-gulched. Murdered. Know anythin' about it, Johnny?"

Johnny tried to match the sheriff's nonchalance, but a horrible suspicion gnawed at his mind that he'd been found out. He didn't know how. "Been down to Mexico to get some salt," he said. "Don't know nothin'. Even less than that when yuh come right down to it. But I'm sorry to hear it. Who put a slug through the old man? Who killed him?"

The sheriff smiled, and his body tensed slightly. He dropped imperceptibly into a crouch, his hands hanging on a line with

his guns.

"You did, Johnny," he said with calm deliberation, bringing each word out separately as if he were delivering a speech. "You killed the old man. I been waiting two days for you to come into town."

"Yer lying," Johnny said. "Or else yer loco."

"Johnny," the sheriff said, "without yer specs on, yer blinder than a bat. We found the broken glass from yer specs near Flahooley's body. But that wasn't all of it. Yer hat with the feather in it was left there, too. Take a look, Johnny. Yer so blind you didn't even see that you put on the wrong hat. Yer wearin' old man Flahooley's hat right now."

Johnny raised his trembling fingers to the hat. There was no feather there! He had put on Flahooley's hat by mistake right after he'd killed the dog. Johnny's hand dropped to caress his chaps on a line with his guns.

The sheriff leaned forward. "Easy, Johnny," he said. "Or you're gonna die without the proper ceremonies." Someone stepped up behind Johnny and slipped his guns from their holsters. And the sheriff relaxed.

"Yer gonna hang, Johnny," the sheriff said. "For murder."

A smile flickered across Johnny's lips. Even in the shadow of death, he couldn't resist the temptation to needle the sheriff. "Then," Johnny Nosedrop said, "I ain't gonna vote for you fer sheriff in the next election."

"You won't be around to vote," the sheriff said grimly.

When they took Johnny Nosedrop out to the tree in the desert to hang him, Johnny almost got in the last word. They puf the rope around his neck and then looped it over a stout limb of the tree. As a ranahan got ready to put the quirt to the horse that Johnny sat on, Johnny raised his hand. "I'll hang," Johnny said, "at the drop of a hat."

An impatient ranahan obliged him. He dropped his hat to the ground. The quirt bit into the horse and the horse took off, and Johnny Nosedrop was stretched at the end of a rope, paying the penalty for his greed and murder—at the drop of a hat.

# BILLY THE KID

## HEPSIBAR'S PAL JOEY

SOMEWHERE, SOMEPLACE,  
SOMETIME, A WISE MAN  
ONCE SAID... BEWARE OF  
WOMEN! BILLY THE KID  
FINDS OUT THAT MEANS  
FIVE-YEAR OLD ONES, TOO!



THAT WAS A  
CLOSE CALL, LITTLE  
GIRL... HADN'T YA  
BETTER FIND A MORE  
FITTING PLACE TO  
PLAY DOLLS?

MY NAME IS  
HEPSIBAR...



YOU RESCUED  
ME... AN' YOU LEFT  
MY LITTLE PAL JOEY  
OUT THERE TO BE  
KILLED!







**B**ILLY AND THE COWPOKES FROM THE CATTLE DRIVE START A SYSTEMATIC SEARCH OF THE VALLEY TRAIL IN HOPES OF FINDING HEPSIBAR'S LITTLE PAL, JOEY...



WE DON'T HAVE MUCH SEARCHIN' TIME WHILE IT'S LIGHT...



IT'S GETTIN' DARK. I DON'T WANT HEPSIBAR TO GET SCARED. I'LL PICK HER UP AND...

DON'T WORRY NONE ABOUT HEPSIBAR. SHE'LL GET TO HER HOME, COME DARK!

SHE WOULDN'T MISS SUPPER. HER PAW'D WEAR HER OUT IF N SHE DID!



WE'D BETTER BUILD SOME FIRES... KEEP ANY STRAY WOLVES OUTA THE VALLEY!

GOOD IDEA, STRANGER, AN' IF N JOEY SEES A FIRE, HE MIGHT COME IN... OR AT LEAST CALL OUT!



THE THING I CAN'T UNDERSTAND... IF N JOEY GOT TRAMPLED BY THE HERD, WHY DIDN'T WE FIND ANY SCRAPS OF CLOTHIN' OR ANYTHIN'?







ANY  
LUCK?

NOPE!

THIS WHOLE  
SITUATION DON'T  
SET RIGHT  
WITH ME!



"THE WOLVES HAVEN'T COME DOWN INTO THE  
VALLEY, SO THE BOY MUST BE ALIVE..."



...AN' THE WAY WE  
COMBED THAT VALLEY,  
WE COULDA FOUND A  
TWO-DAY KITTEN...



WELL, WE'D BETTER  
KEEP A WATCH ALL  
NIGHT AN' MAKE  
ANOTHER SEARCH  
COME MORNIN'!

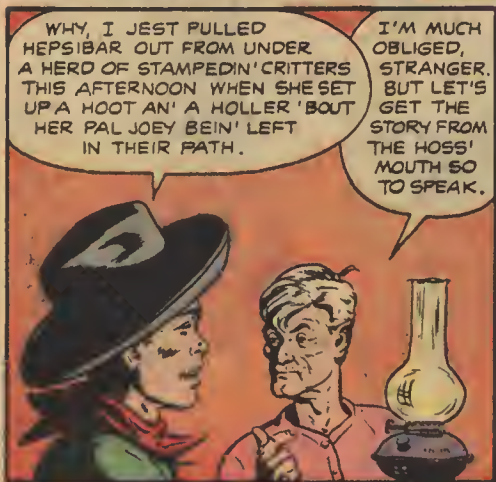
WHY DON'T YOU RIDE  
TO HEPSIBAR'S PLACE  
AND ASK HER PAW  
IF MAYBE JOEY  
CAME BACK?



YOU FELLOWS  
KEEP A SHARP EAR  
FOR A LITTLE BOY  
CALLIN'. THERE  
MIGHT JUST BE  
A CHANCE!



I SURE HATE TO  
TURN UP AT HEPSIBAR'S  
PLACE WITHOUT ANY-  
THIN' CONCRETE  
TO TELL 'EM.





# OLD TIMER

## Chief CACKLEBERRY

WHEN THE BOYS ASKED ME  
IF I COULD REMEMBER AN OLD  
STORY, IT REMINDED ME OF OLD  
CHIEF CACKLEBERRY. WHAT A  
MEMORY THE OLD CHIEF HAD...  
"A MEMORY THAT STOPPED WARS."

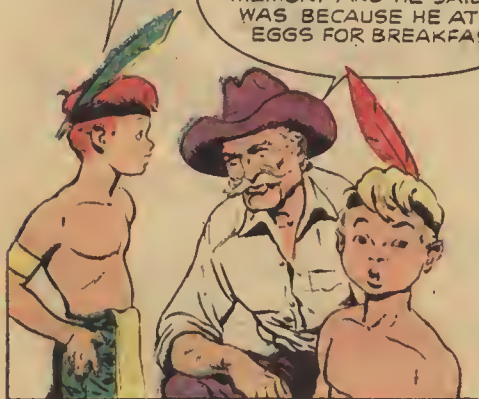


HOW  
COULD THE OLD  
CHIEF'S MEMORY  
STOP A WAR?

IT DID. I ASKED  
THE OLD CHIEF ABOUT  
THIRTY YEARS AGO  
HOW HE CAME BY  
SUCH A REMARKABLE  
MEMORY AND HE SAID IT  
WAS BECAUSE HE ATE  
EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.

SHUCKS, I EAT EGGS  
FOR BREAKFAST EVERY  
DAY AND I CAN'T REMEM-  
BER ANYTHING MY  
MOTHER SENDS  
ME TO GET FROM  
THE STORE.

HOW'D  
THE OLD  
CHIEF'S  
MEMORY  
STOP A WAR,  
HEY?





IMAGING EATING EGGS FOR BREAK-FAST FOR A LONG MEMORY... OH, THE STORY... IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO--

"THE INDIANS WERE GENTELED DOWN, BUT THERE WAS ALWAYS A CHANCE FOR A FIRST CLASS WAR BREAKING OUT..."

GREAT CHIEF! FRIEND OF MY FATHER, WHITE MAN HAS BROKEN HIS PROMISE ... HE KILL MANY OF MY BROTHERS.

HALF BUCK, SON OF MY FRIEND, MAKE SERIOUS CHARGE!



.MY BROTHERS AND I FISH PEACEFULLY BY THE RIVER, OH CHIEF, WHEN--



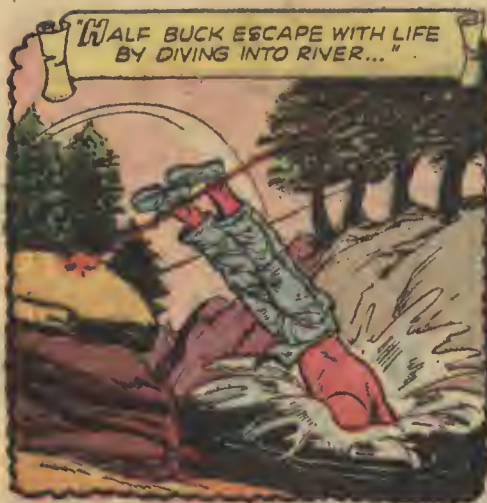
"WHITE MAN AMBUSH US FROM HILLS..."



"THE RIVER IS RED WITH INDIAN BLOOD..."



"HALF BUCK ESCAPE WITH LIFE  
BY DIVING INTO RIVER..."



HALF BUCK  
AVENGED HIS  
BROTHERS THAT  
VERY NIGHT--



"WHITE MAN'S COVERED WAGON BURNED TO GROUND..."

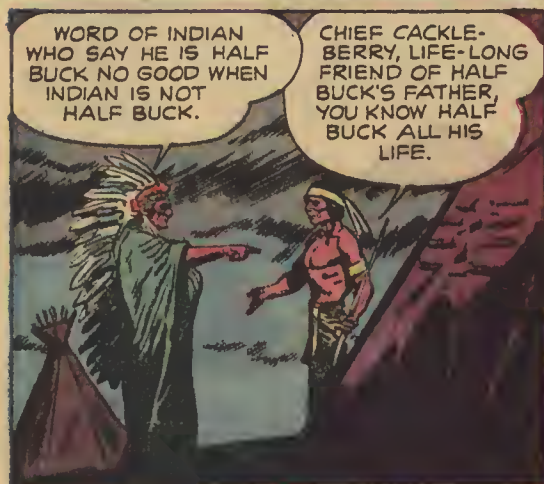


BROTHERS! A  
WHITE MAN'S WAGON  
TRAIN RIDES TONIGHT.  
WE BURN THEM OUT.

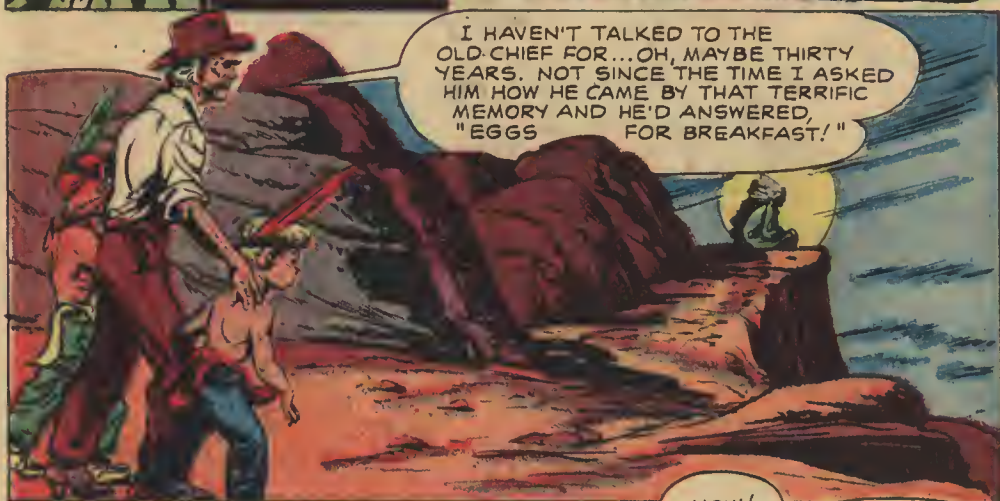
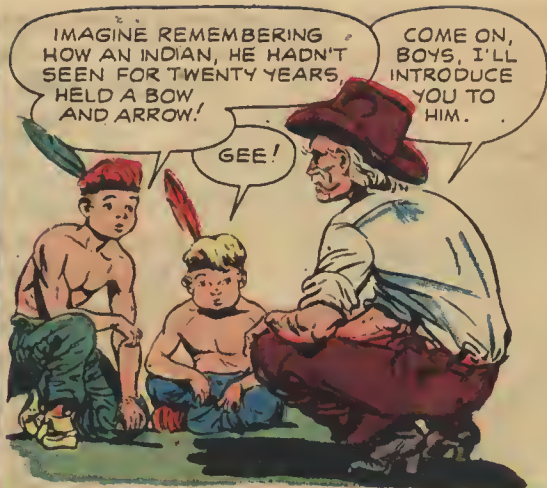


STOP! YOUR CHIEF  
MAKE PROMISE TO WHITE  
MAN, NO SHOOT HIM!









**LIL ABNER'S**  
SPESHUL BRAND  
**ORANGE**  
**DRINK**

DRINK UP  
FOLKS, 'CAUSE  
MAH SPESHUL BRAND  
**ORANGE DRINK**  
IS TH' BEST THAR  
IS. IT'S DEELIGHTFUL  
AN' DEELISHUS!!

UMMM --- THIS  
SPESHUL DRINK  
IS SWEET  
REEFRESHIN'  
AN' GOOD, JUS'  
LIKE LIL ABNER.  
AH LOVES 'EM  
BOTH ---  
NATCHERLY!!



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ON SALE AT LEADING FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE



Amethyst sparkle and very pretty! Imag-  
ine—12 sparkling Pseudo DIAMONDS.  
Imported from Europe, set in a gorgeous  
diamond and Wedding set. KAT.  
KAL GOLD color, exquisitely designed.  
Your price for both—4.99, yet they look  
like \$750.00 and more! They sparkle a  
little rays of light. Enjoy a LIFE-  
TIME! Try at our Risky Price bar  
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7021 Santa Monica Blvd. Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ snapshot or negative.  
(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make \_\_\_\_\_ Enlargement and Frame.  
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 29¢ each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

( ) STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
(Zone)

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_



And to think they used to call me

# SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day  
And I'll Give You A New Body**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded; pepleps? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.



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Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
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